THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Far down in a grassy hollow, Where a stream goes sweeping by, Where a stream goes sweeping with its silver gleaming water,
Crystal mirror for the sky,
Pourly foam chains swiftly gliding
O'er each wave like wreaths of snow, Where the wild flowers lowly drooping Stoop to kiss them ere they go.

All the dewy emerald mosses,
Gemmed with farry-cross so bright,
Sparkling with the dewdrops lustre
In the clear and sunny light.
Golden sunshine softly falling
On the law and great and On the low and grassy sod. Blaying with the sombre shadow Stretching out so long and broad.

Years ago a merry clatter Broke the stillness of the wood; By this pleasant stream of water, Neath the trees, an old house stood. Wreaths of smcke went soaring upwards Through the balmy summer air ; And a father, kind and loving, Worked from morn till evening there.

Soon the radiant, glorious autumn Flashed its splender o'er the sceae : Brilliant gold and vivid scarlet Took the place of summer green. Through the air the leaves went floating, Russet brown and ruby red. And a dappled leafy carpet
O'er the ground was richly spread.

But joyous laughter no lorger sounded Where the jeweled waters gleam; Showers of yellow leaves were falling In the swiftly flowing stream. Drifting round the old home's ruins, Where the silver mosses cling, And the trees their trailing shadows O'er the rushing waters fling.

Through the forest's pensive stillness Ring the birdsing soft and low; In the moss, like sparks of fire, Fairy-cups still brightly glow. When the autumn richly flushes All the leaves with crimson wine, Far down by the old home's ruins Still the quiet waters shine.

Where the soushing taintly glimmers Through the leaves upon the ground. And the violets sweetly blossom, Is a narrow, grassy mound. On the ground the shadows quiver As the trees their branches wave: There, beneath the drooping folioge, Is the loving father's grave.

BELLE McG.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL

Or, Agatha's Recompense. CHAPTER XLV .- Continued. "It would be just as well if you talked about what you understand," said Mr. Norman, fiercely.

" if I understand no other question on ea-th. I am well " in that," she replied. Nothing else was ...iscussed by my visitor."
 Singularly good taste!" he said.
 Agatha saw that she was driving him rapid.

to a point of madness; she diedded a

"I am told," centioued the daring woman, "that Paris emuses itself by the jealousy of lovely, charming, witty, without the least re-the beautiful Freda's levers, but that no one straint in word or action. Her tricks played has a chance against the duke." Mr. N rmau rose from the table,

"Will you not wait for dossert?' she said " i have and quite enough," he replied, sullenly. "If you wish yourself well, I should have no more of that kind." She laughed - a laugh that Agatha thought

most horrible. Her eyes seemed to flash She laughed again as her husband closed the door. "I have made him suffer," she said;

And she did not speak again until they beauty of Freda's face.
ere driving alone to the theatre "I wonder," she said to Agatha, as they were driving alone to the theatre

Paris to-night, Miss Brooke," she said "Wno is she !" asked Agatha.

" Mademolielle Freda. They say that she has lovelizess never equalled. To night she plays in one of Dumas' tragedies. I should

like to know what you think of her."

They found a crowded house; a fashionable Agatha's eves were riveted on Mrs. Norman's face ; it was almost terrible in its bard coldness—like a mask of stone.

Suddenly there was a burst of applause that rent the air -- such a greeting as is only given to the queens of beauty and song. Mrs. Norman gave one start; she smothered the cry that rose to her lips, but her whole figure was convulsed and trembled; the set, fixed, white look on her face was dreadful to see. Her eyes—glittering, hard, and defiant-were fixed on the stago; Agatha followed their glance. They rested on the beautiful young actress, who ly for a great northern queen, who, however, stood there bowing to the audience who preferred ermine, and these were exposed for greated her so rapturously.

Agutha trembled in her turn. She recognized the face at once, it was the same that fetch a great price. It was just possi-Mr. Norman wore in his locket, the same ble that the story about the empress was a supert blue eyes and golden hair. Round the beautiful white neck she saw the diamonds that had been bought in the Palais asked Agatha to go with her to see them.

Royal—she recognized them—the cross, the The rich English lady was received with necklace-there was no mistake. Then she, too, turned white as death. She was face to face with horrible treachery and cruelty : she knew that those jewels had been purchased by the husband, and with the money of the unhappy woman by her side. A hand clutch-

"What do you think of her?" said Mrs. matter of form." Norman, and her voice seemed like a hisa, "She is very beautiful, but it is not a style of beauty any refined person would care for,'

was the truthful reply.
"Do you see those diamonds "she asked again, "should you think they are worth much money?'

"I could not tell the value of a diamond."

said Agatha. I have heard," continued the unhappy lady, "that the beautiful Freda, as they call her, has the finest set of diamonds in Paris; Norman particularly, he did not come; he that must be the set—how they shine! Ah, sent a note to say that he had a particular that must be the set—how they shine! Ah, how beautiful she is, her skin is like fine white satin. Look at the color in her face, it is deinty as the beautiful pink that lies inside white sea shells, and her eyes have a about them—being summer time no one else thousand meanings; her mouth, men would call it adorable and give their lives for one kiss from it; and the glittering, golden hair, it is like a mesh for her lovers. Ah, me, ah, me! what is my poor plain face near ful Freda had a leisure night, and, as a

"Worth a thousand times more," said Agatha, and she wondered if Mrs. Norman knew the truth about the diamonds: if she to a close, and the beautiful woman, her

did, no wonder that she was so enraged. Then the beautiful Freda came forward, and began her song. That voice is lost to son velvet chair, her golden, glittering hair the world now for evermore, but there and scarlet lips, her bewitching loveliness was never another like it. 'The sound of features, her brilliant smiles, her languid could only be compared to liquid grace, her biting sarcasm, all maddened the pearls; it was simply ravishing. There infatuated man.
was no chance for man or woman who heard "Beautiful Freda," he said. "let me sit on hardest hearts; in its ringing jubilance it while I tell you how lovely you are."
brought smiles to every lip.
"I know," she said, all about it; every

brought smiles to every lip.

Mrs. Norman turned her haggard eyes to

"What a glorious voice?" she said. "Such a woman is a queen-by right divine.'

s.id; "a far more royal queen than a voice

"If that woman lost her beauty," said Mrs. Norman, "she would have no more lovers, no more men would crowd round her; they would laugh as they turned aside, and say: She was good looking once, I should like to hear them say that about her, Miss Brooke, I am quite sure I am not a bad woman at heart, but I should like to see that dainty voice destroyed, the eyes and mouth should wile no more hearts away—not one. You will not wonder that I hate her when I tell you that is the woman who came between my busband and me. But for her I should have been a happy wife; but for her I should have had a child to love. What does she deserve ?"

"Punishment," replied Agatha; "but from the hands of God—not man. Do not think

"Not think of her! Why, she is before me day and night, like burning fire. Not think of her! I believe that when I am dead my heart will burn with hatred of her." "It is not wise," said Agatha; "some women have no resource but to submit. I think it would be far wiser for you to turn all your thoughts and energies toward trying to regain your husband's love than in hating your rival.

"It is too late," she replied, "far too late; he will never care for my plain face now that he loves that beautiful one.' "If he were very ill," said Agatha, "which

do you think he would ask to nerse himyou-or- Frada ?" "Me, while he was very ill and wanted

pienty of attention. Freda as soon 49 he was sufficiently recovered to admire ber." "Why not leave him if you think so very badly of him.

Then she was frightened at the tempest she had aroused. "Leave him," she whispered; and Agatha

never forgot the sound of that whisper. Leave him -my curse is that I love him. I could not leave him if I tried. I love him with the fiercest love; I hate him with the fiercest hate: I cannot live away from him : I cannot live with him. I am in mortal anguish and torture. I can find no peace, no rest-and it is all owing to her. She came between us. She pretended to I ke him to get money from him. She does not love him-I love him. I heard to day that he had given her those diamonds-do you believe it?"

But Agatha was shocked and dismaved at the glimpse into the tempest-tossed scul—dismayed at her own inability to help her; and when they returned home Mrs. Norman scemed even more miserable than she had been before.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE JOKE THAT PARIS ENJOYED. Every day affairs seemed to go from bad to worse in this wretched household. The intatnation of Herne Norman for this beautiful Freda was talked of every where. It was the one zest that all l'aris enjoyed. Freda's caprices, her whims, her fancies, were the sole subjects of conversation. Her captices were some of them as beautiful as her face. She was just then the object of the idulatry of all Paris. Young, upon her lovers were the amusement of all who heard them. She was a mimic queen. She had a large court of admirers. Her jewels, her dresses, her horses and carriage made her the envy of half the women in Paris.

Mrs. Norman said to herself:
"Who could compete with a bright, dazeling woman like this ?"

She, too, seemed under a kind of infatuation. She went to theatres now two or three "but this is only the beginning. Now, Miss times each week, and sat mute, damb, with Brooks, will you prepare? I wish to be at her great anguish, nover saying one word, but drinking in with her cold eyes the radiant

We shall see the most famous actress in drove home one night after her greatest triumph, "I wonder what he would do," she repeated, "if Freda were to die ?" "He would forget her in a week," replied

Agatha. I wonder what he would do if she had the smallpox, and it disfigured her? Forget her in less than a week," she recited to heraudience, everything most delightful; but self and did not speak again until they had reached home. Then, looking wistfully at Agatha, she

"If he forgot her, do you think he would

remember me?" She longed to be able to comfort that desolate soul, to give her some consolation, to help her; but she could not say yes to that question. She did not think Herne Norman would over tolerate his wife again.

In one of the finest stores in Paris, a superb set of sables were exposed for sale. Rumor said they had been fashioned expresssale. The price, of course, was very high, but then subles made for an empress of course must fiction-it did not render the furs less valuable. Mrs. Norman read of them, then

even more honor than some French princesses -there would be no question of hundreds where she was concerned,
"I should like them, Miss Brooke," she

said. "The price is enormous, but it is long since I have mads a purchase for myself. I will speak to Mr. Norman first, just as a

And before night it was whispered among the ladies who cared for such things, that the rich English lady, Mrs. Norman, intended to nurchase the famous set of sables. "I have longed all my life for a royal set of fure," she said, "and it will be a real

pleasure to have those." Agatha was only too delighted to see her take an interest in anything, so that she talked much about them. Strange to eay, on that the only day she wanted to see Mr.

engagement, and should not dine at home. I must wait until to-morrow for my furs," said Mrs. Norman. "I need not hurry will hurry.

In one of the loveliest of the bijou mansions of Paris, a very pretty scene was enacted that same evening, Beautimatter of course, had given a dinner party—needless to say that Herne Norman was there. When the evening was drawing neck, arms and shoulders gleaming like white satin, lay back in the cozy depths or a crim-

it. In its pathos it wrung tears from the that stood at your feet for ten minutes, just

one tells me ; I need no partionlar information from you, By the way, Herne, why do you let that disagreeable looking wife of yours come to the theatre so often?

But Agatha would not agree, "I did not know," he replied.
"You should see to it; it is horribly bad

taste of her," panted the beautiful Freds. She comes and looks at me as if I were some strange creature. She does not lookshe glares—a sullen, savage glare. If you do not manage better than this, that woman will do me some mischief. She looked the other night as though she would shoot me.

"She would not dare," he replied. "I wonder who it is that tells her those things?"
"Every cld gossip in Paris will help just a

little," she said laughingly.
"May I come to morrow morning to luncheon?" he said; "I heard you invite one or

two." "You must bring a passport," she replied.
"And what will that be?" he asked. "The act of sables that all Paris is raving

about. They say they were expressly ordered for the empress whose husband presented me with my famous diamond crown. " And I am to bring the sables?" he said. "Yes, you must not come without them,"

And that same evening, so anxious was he to please her, he drove to the furrier's, and sent the magnificent present to her.

As a matter of course it was known before noon on the day following where they were, and Paris enjoyed a wicked laugh to think that the costly furs, prepared for the most stately woman in Europe, had been presented to their favorite actress, Freda.

But Heroe Norman nad hardly reck-oned on the cost and result of that present. It was when they met for the torcakfast that Mrs. Norman saw him for the first time since she had made up her mind about the furs. She knew that almost fabulous wealth was hers; she never dreamed that he would refuse her money.

"Herne," she said, "I have seen a set of sables; the price is rather extravagant, I admit, but they are royal fors, and I have set my heart upon them ; will you give me a check ?

No words can express his surprise; the glass he was just raising to his lips fell almost to the ground. "Are all the women in Paris mad?" he

cried. "What have I to do with the women in Paris?" she said. "I ask for a check for the furs. I have plenty of money by me; but

not guite enough. "I cannot be teased by writing out checks this morning," he said, hastily, "It is not teasing you," she replied

"It cannot surely be much trouble to sign a check," she said. "You would do it at once if the steward or the cook asked "I have not the time this morning, I'hyi-

lis. I will do it to-morrow." "Must I remind you," she asked, "that am simply asking you for my own."
"It is not that at all," he replied,
"how hasty you are, Phyllis. I will sign

it to-morrow. "I wish for it, now," she replied. "Very well," he said, sullenly, "you must

have it, I suppose. I will attent to it after luncheon. How much do you say?" She told him the price of the sables. "You are ambitious," he said, "to want

the fars of an empress. "They will be worth looking at," she replied, with ill-judged bitterness, "which I am not.

"You know hest," he replied. He signed the check, gave it to her, and went our. He did not care to face the scene. She would be sure now to know that he had bought them and given them to the Leautiful had fallen into. What a scene there would be. He had known lang since, by her com-

ments on Freda, that she was jealous of her, but now? He was sufficient of a gentleman to feel very sorry, neither did he forget that it was his wife's money which had purchased this magnificent gift for her rival.

All Paris laughed ogain at the joke: it seemed to the Parisians that this English household had undertaken to provide for their amusement. It was certainly a magnificent notion that the outraged wife should drive to the fustore, check in hand, for the sables; it was a finer joke still to know who had purchased them, and where they were gone.

Mrs. Norman was disappointed; but the thing she could not understand was the balffrightened look of the proprietor and the laughing face of one of the assistants.

"Who has purchased them?" she asked, and could not understand why an evasive answer was given to her. When she did know, the wonder was that she did not die of the mortification: it would have been bet-

ter if she had done so.
Of course the knew before nightfall; one of the many friends who hurry with had news came to her and told her. She said little: she tried even to laugh, but none the less deeply had the iron entered her soul. She told Agatha.

"What would you do in my place now?" the asked. "Nothing. I would pass it by with contemptuous indifference.

"I cannot," she replied, with dry, tear-less eyes. "I must avenge myself this

time."
Venges not is mine, I will repay saith the Lord," quoted Agatha; but it was to deaf care.

Herne Norman did the most unfortunate thing he could do; he told beautiful Freda of the contrctemps over the furs. She was amused with, and then quarrelled with him about it. Handsome Herne Norman's reign with the famous actress was almost over.

Beautiful Freda said to herself that if by using the sables on the stage she could mortify the wife of the man she wanted now to rid herself of, she would do it. Mischiefmakers repeated it. A determined expression came into Mrs. Norman's face as she heard it.

The actress kent her word. In one of the finest acts of a play—the scene of which was laid in Russia—she had the imperial sables arranged carelessly around her. And the same evening a dozen different women took the story to Physlis Norman. She said very little; she laughed. But there was a took in her face not pleasant to see. The next morning, for the first time since Agatha had been in the house, she went out alone. Alone-and so plainly dressed, no one would have known that it was the fashionable Mrs. Norman. She was certainly not herselfher eyes had a wild, strange look-her face

was lividly gray.
"Will you go out with me this evening,
Miss Brooke," she said. "I should like to see these famous furs on the stage; but we will go in disguise, either in the pit or the

miles away. THE SPELL OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

There was something so wild, so uncertain, so strange in the manner of Phyllis Norman during the whole of that day, that Agatha felt most uncomfortable. There was no one to whom she could tell her fears. Mr. Norman was utterly indifferent to her, and she

dia missed her under some pretext or other, " Mrs. Norman," she said, "do let me speak to you! I am not happy over you today_s on do not seem to be yourself; you are not well."

Instead of answering her, Mrs. Norman turned from her and looked in the glass. "I do not look ill," she said.

Agatha went nearer to her and laid her arm round the beautiful white shoulder; then, touched by its beauty, its white, tair shin, smooth and soft as satin, she bent down and kissed it.

Mrs. Norman started as though she had been stung; her face flushed a ducky red. . "Do not do that?" she cried; Heaven's sake do not do that ! You would make me human again, and my heart is turned to stone. No one has kissed me for the last two years."

And Agatha drew back in sorrowful sympathy. "Tell me," she said, gently, "where you

went this morning?" Another great, dull flush came over her

face, then a dreadful pallor. "Why do you want to know ?" she criod.

suspiciously.

"For no reason in particular," replied Agatha; "only that, I was auxious about you, and you have never seemed well since.' "I am not well," she answered. "There is a fire here in my brain and in my heart. I

wonder if I shall go, mad? Do people ever go mad over love and jealousy" "I have heard so. But you must not speak of such horrible things," said Agarha. "Try to think that the sun shines, and that outside of fair Paris the land lies laughing in

the midst of sweetest flowers." But the sad, cold eyes looked at her vaguely and did not comprehend.

"Give up going out to night. You are not well: your face burns and your hands are cold. "I want the sables to keep me warm," she

said, with a bitter laugh.
"Never mind the sables," said Agatha. "I am quite sure that Mr. Norman is both serry and vexed about them; I can read it in his face."

Her own brightened just a little.

"Do you think so! Ah! that comforts But she does not regret it. They say that she insisted on having this Russian play upon the stage that she might display the fure. Paris may well laugh. What a scene ! And I am supposed to be sitting in a box, looking on with calm, serene completency, while she and the public enjoy the joke. What does she deserve?"

"Forget all about her," said Agatha. "She merely holds people by the spell of her beautiful face and beautiful voice.

Beauty will tade and her voice die. Forget Norman. "Ah, how I wish she had been

all about her." "I will, after to-night," said Mrs. Nor destroyed a fever, a burn, a scar over the man, gravely. "After to-night I will speak | white brow, a furrow on the chin, a great of her no more; but I want to see her in all the bravery of her furs. Just this one night, and I will never enter a theatre again."

Agatha thought, as her heart seemed fixed on it, it would be cruel to thwart her. Perhaps she would keep her word, and after to

day forget her.
"Why do you wish to go in disguise?"

the asked. "It is no disguise, it is only that I do no wish to be known. You do not know Paris the play, t as well as I do. If I were seen there to night, her brow. in a box in full dress, no matter now calm Freds. He honestly wished himself out of and careless I might seem to be, every comic simple dignity; and her impulsive, extended the normal which was about the worst he paper in Paris would have a caricature of citable audience almost went mad with enthis dilenma, which was about the worst he paper in Paris would have a caricature of citable au had fallen into. What a scene there would me. I would not be seen there for the thusiasm. world, yet I want to see if it be true that sho brings those sables on the stage. Just of the beautiful Freda seemed to be on tais one evening, Miss Brooks, then no every lip! How flowers and jawels fell at more. It is very kind of you. There her feet!
need be no disguise. Wear a common And as she look
black clock, a bonnet and a veil. We will never seen again. go into the pit. No one will recognize us. Your face will be somewhat out of place among the common people there, but mine will not: I look exactly like a tradesman's

wife." It was quite useless arguing, yet Agatha had a certain misgiving which she could not explain or understand herself. They dined together; Mr. Norman was

from home, and during dinner there was very little conversation.

"You will not take a carriage?" said Agatha, "No; we will walk to the cab stand and tako a csh."

There was a strange, quiet intent about her that really frightened Agatha. She hands, laid in a picturesque fashion on the tell me; the people scem very much exwished with all her heart that Mr. Norman sables, were wonderful to see. There was a cited." had been at home-she would have gone to him at any risk and have asked him not to let his wife leave home. She was astonished herself at the difference dress made. Mrs. Norman did not look like a lady when her elegant figure was hidden by the heavy closk; sho looked,

as she said herself, like a tradesman's wife. "Do you not think," she said, bitrerly, to Agatha, "that nature has been very cruel to

me ? "No, I do not," replied Agatha, This constant discontent and rebellion against the Great Creator angered her more

than she could say. Then they started. They soon found cab, and drove to the theatre in silence. It was crowded even more than usual; there was hardly a place left, hardly a seat. I was only by dint'of a heavy bribe that Mre. Norman succeeded in getting in. On all sides they heard the same ejaculations-'Crowded house ! " " No room ! " " Beauti-

ful Freda -- Russian sables !" "You hear!" whispered Mrs. Norman, " Even these people-the very canaille-have my story to laugh at. The outraged pride, the bleeding heart, the wounded love of a wife, is but a jest on the lips of men and women. What does she descree who has caused it all?"

"Forget her," said Agatha. "I will after to-night!" was the grim re-

The only two places they could find were two seats quite in the back of the theatre; but they were fortunate in this one respect they could see all over the The boxes were crowded; it seemed as though half the aristocrats of Paris were there.

"Look," said Mrs. Norman; "you see all those women, crowned with jewels, fair and gay, fluttering their fans, coquetting with their bouquets—among them are many so-called friends. There is Madame la Baronne, who meets me always with sympathetic eyes, and looks quite three volumes of sympathy for me; there is Lady Sidney, who holds my hand quite tightly while she tells me the latest scandal about my husband; there is gallery—are you willing?"

"Yes, I am willing," replied Agatha: but tears in her eyes, and declares that actresses in her heart she wished herself a hundred ought not to go to heaven. Do you know way they are all here?"

"The Princess Dates," replied Agatha.

"To see the play," replied Agatha,
"By no means. It is really to have a laugh
and gossip over me. What is so novel and interesting as the misfortunes of our friends What is so amusing as a plain-looking wife, who has been what you may call distanced by a beautiful rival? I know how piquant and irresistible it is. I have discussed such knew no one to whom she could appeal on things myself; but 1 am a proud woman. the part of this hapless lady. She made and the iron has eaten into my soul. They some effort to prevent her from going out; will look at and admire beautiful Freda; The next moment they were out in the cold she did what was very unusual with her—they will laugh when they see the imperial air to thousand stars throughing in the night

she went to Mrs. Norman's dressing-room furs. Then, when they meet, they will tay skies. They stood for some micutes under and asked to speak to her.

Aline, the maid, was present, and Agatha is for her; but then she is so terribly plain.

"Would you like to ride or walk home?" "I wish you could take a brighter ylew of

womanly tellings for others."
"They do not look like it." said Mrs-Norman, and most certainly they did not. Then a storm like thunder rent the air, cries of welcome, showers of flowers, and under that designing appliance, the most beautiful actress of Paris stood bowing and smiling

for several minutes. Beautiful-that is not the word-she was bewitching, fascinating, almost terrible in her imperial leveliness. She were the famous diamond necklass and cross, her glittering, golden hair was studded with diamond stars; there was never a fairer picture of woman bood than this.

"The diamonds again," said Mrs. Norman." Why does she not wear the rubies that the archduke gave her?" while Agatha was really lost in admiration at the beautiful vision before her.

"How well the people love her," aid Mrs. Norman. "When will they give over ap-planding? What nonesense, she has not even opened her lips yet; you see it is her face

they are applauding, not herself." Indeed any artiste might have been proud of such a reception; the ladies looked their delight; there was a taint murmur of applause from those fair and fashionable ladies; there was a special interest in beautiful broken the heart of a plain-looking wife.

As beautiful Freda stood before her audience, the most superb picture of perfect womanhood ever seen-her sall, graceful figure, the magnificent neck Agatha's mind was that she should go back and shoulders, the white gleaming arms again to the theatre; in some of the smiled, in return for that magnificent recep-

tion. The play, or rather operetta, was a very beautiful one. In the first act the lovely Freda appeared as a queen, and it was a treat to watch this accomplished actress; the audience held their very breath in wonder and suspense. There is no need to give the whole story. In the second act she appeared still as a queen; but in disguise. She flies from her hasband, the king, and from her kingdom. She was traced by her ermine, left in a peasant's but and beautiful Freda, in her interpretation of her role, had changed the ermine into sables. The first

one! It is a sweet face, but it could soon be stain on one of those beautiful cheeks.

"Dear Mrs. Norman, do not go on in that horrible way. You do not mean it?"

She drew back a little, and her pale face quivered.

"No, I do not really mean it. It would be a horrible pity if anything ever happened to her. A beautiful face is the work of God; no one should destroy it. See now !" "Now," meant that, in accordance with the play, the actress bad placed a crown upon

"I am the queen !" sho said, with a grand, How she was recalled! How the name

And as she looked at that moment, she was

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A DISTICURED FAVORITE. Then came the scene which half the ladies in Paris had crowded to see-the queen in a peasant's cottage, with none of the insignia of royalty about her, nothing to show she is not a peasant except her refined, queenly beauty, her white hands, and the imperial furs, the value of which she had quiet forgot-ten. She had looked lovely enough as a queen; she was far more beautiful as a peasant. All the glittering, golden hair lay

perfect storm of applause; her beauty maddened the people as they gazed upon it. It was a grand act, wonderfully played,

powerfully sustained. The hard cold eyes that watched every movement grew harder and colder— they gleamed with hate and anger. Mrs. Norman watched the graceful, wreathing arms, the movements of the exquisite figure. the play of the superb face, and her hate grew. When she saw the sables on the stage her face became livid, and was terrible

"Those are the sables that should have been mine," she said. And as she spoke, she knew quite well that the same remark was being made by

almost every lady in the theatre. As the play proceeded and the enthusiasm of the andience grew warmer, her face grew every moment more set, more rigid more terrible. Agatha was grioved to the very heart for her; it seemed to her a

needless prolongation of suffering. "You have seen all you wished to see now," she said, gently. Come home; you need not remain here. "Do you know how many more acts there

are in the play?" she asked. "Three," replied Agatha, looking at the programme in her hands—"three." "I will go," said Mrs. Norman, "when the two are ended.

Only Heaven knew what thoughts passed through the mind of that unhappy woman as she sat in gloomy silence watching her beautiful rival, Every now and then a great sigh came from her ligs—every now and then a convulsive shudder seemed to thrill her-every now and then the white hands were elenched, and great red bruises left on the fair skin. What spaces of pain passed over her face !-- what bitter thoughts made ber lips tremble! There was pain enough in that one sad heart to have made the whole audience miserable if it could have been shared among them. That glittering loveliness was more bitter than death to-

When the two acts were over she rose. "I have had enough," she said to Agatha;
"we will go now." But when she rose she staggered and reeled, almost like a man who has taken too much wine. "My brain whirls !" she said, and she was compelled to stand for some few minutes before she could

Every detail of that evening was impressed on Agatha's mind forever. She remembered the crowded theatre, the sea of faces, the glitter of jawels, the waving of fans, and the sheen or rich drosses; she remembered the scene on the stage, as the glorious face of the actress turned to the people.

if the addition.

Mrs. Norman looked up eagerly, as one things," sighed Agatha; "perhaps some of wakes from a dream.
those ladies have tender hearts and true
womanly teelings for others."

Mrs. Norman Model up ongerty, as one
things," sighed Agatha; "perhaps some of wakes from a dream.

We will walk," she replied.

Agatha understood it afterwards, but at

the time it puzzled her. They walked for sonie distance—hen suddenly, and as though she spoke without knowing it, Mrs. Norman Baid .

"I wender if the play is over," "I should think it is just finished," said Agatha.

They walked on together; there were plenty of people in the streets, and as they passed on e group Agatha, turning suddenly, found that her companion was no longer by her side. She thought, naturally onough, that she had passed on the other side of the group. For the first minute she felt no un.

It was not an unusual thing to lose sight of a person in the streets at night. She said to herneld that she should be quite sure to overtake her on the way home.

Yet, remembering her strange manner all the day, she had a vague sense of dread and uncasiness. Could it be possible that Mrs. Norman had left her purposely? and if so, why had she done it?

She reached the magnificent marsion that was so unlike a home at last, but the mistrees of it had not arrived, and Agatha felt cick with dread, Where had she gone? What had become of her Fredn-she was supposed to have almost Agatha thought of the Seine and the morgue. She was quite at a loss what to do. She waited for some tane mear the house, but there was no cisn of Mrs. Norman.

The best thing that anggester itself to bate to the shoulders, the wonderful face streets she would be sure to find with its exquisite coloring; its power and her. Mrs. Norman would walk on, passion, its glerns of tenderness and love; thinking deeply, without the least idea of an irresistible face -ue one saw it over forgot where she was going. She could not have it. No wonder that the plain-faced wife absented herself parpotely : she had wished shrank back, pale and trembling, when the to go home. Again tarted off again, It superb woman bowed her queenly head and was some distance to the theatre, and she walked slowly through the streets, looked to the right and left for the dark-robed figurshe hoped to meet. She was in the busier streets at last, and there seemed to her some unusual excitement going on. As she draw nearer to the boulevard in which the theatre stood, she found a crowd; as she draw nearer still, a crowd so dense abe could not

"What is the matter," she saked a respect. able-looking man.

"Do you not know? he cried. "Oh, the beautiful Freda, only to night the very juy of the people's hearts, and now-Agatha turned faint with aread and appre-

"And now what?" she asked. "I cannot tell you," he said; with a pas sionate cry. "Ask some one else."

He turned away. On all sides she heard

exclamations of borror, of dread corses, imprecations. What could be wrong?
"Is Freda dead?" she asked another man, and a cold, iren hand seemed to chutch her

as she spoke.
"Dead?" Ale, 20, madame. It would be a thousand times better if she were."

The cries deepened. It seemed to her, on the edge of the crowd, that some one came out of the theatre and spoke to the people. Whatever it was, what was said seemed to amaze them, to drive them almost mad; the ries and curses deepened, until they became frightful.

" Would you tell me what is the matter?" she asked. But in the midst of that deafening noise no one heard her. She never forgot the scene; the sky above, with its myriads of stars, the tall trees on the boule

vards: the theatre with its brilliant lights still butning; the dark, surging, maddened They parted to let a carriage pase through their midst, which drew up at the theatre door; then Agatha found herself close to a

young girl, who was weep: "Oh, the beautiful Freda! She was so kind to me."

"Kind to you," some one ske said. When ?" "I am one of the ballet girls," she said. "I was close to her when it happened. She was kind to me fast: year when I had a fall and could not dance. She kept me thit I was well. Oh, the teautiful Freda!"

"Will you tell me what is the matter with her " said Agatus. "I have been waiting like a voil over her shoulders; her white here ever so long and cannot get any one to

> "They are not only excited, they are mad," said the girl, "and if they get hold of the one who did it, they will tear him or her imb from limb.'

Again that terrible heaviness of heart came to Agatha. What was it—this terrible deed? What is it ?" she asked. "Do you not known?" was the reply. Some one-some fiend in human form-has

thrown a bottle of vitriol at her."

" Vitriol !" cried Agatha, in horror. "Ob, Heaven, how terrible. Are you onite sure-"Yes, and they say her beautiful face is all burned away. She was so kind to me,"
For some few minutes Agetha could make

no answer; she was motionless with horror. Who had thrown it. "Is it not a horrible thing?" said the girl. "To-night she was singing in the theatre there, with her beautiful face and golden hair, and now—they say that even the doctors who dressed the wounds turned faint at them. Oh, the beautiful face?

"Will it not kill her !" asked Agatha. "They say not; they say she will live, but so disfigured that human eyes could never look upon her. If the people get to know in Paris who did it, there would he a scene; they all worshipped beautiful There came a surging of the great crowd, the carriage came, driving slowly through it, and the noise hushed as if by magic. Men

as it passed slowly by, for in it was the once beautiful Freda, two doctors, and a nuzea. "They are taking her home," cried the crowd, and in silence many hundreds of

took off their hats, and women sobbed aloud

them followed the carriage. The lights of the theatre were extinguished, the people dispersed, and Agatha was left standing almost alone. The people talked of nothing else but who had done it. They wondered if it was a jealous lover—that was the general style of thing-or some jealous professional; but then beautiful Freda had no energies—every one worshiped her. As Agatha walked back, slowly, stunned with horror, sick with dread, she heard nothing else on all sides. The news had spread, the streets were filled with people, and no sound was. heard except that one cry of beautiful Freds.

"She had many lovers," said one woman a group who passed by, "but not one who in a group who passed by. would hurt a hair of hor head." "Jealous ?" said another ; " no one was jealous of Freda-the stars are not jealous of

the sun. One thing Agatha gathered, that nothing was known of the guilty one. No one had made any discovery no on

knew whom to suspect or what to think It was a night never forgotten in Paris: